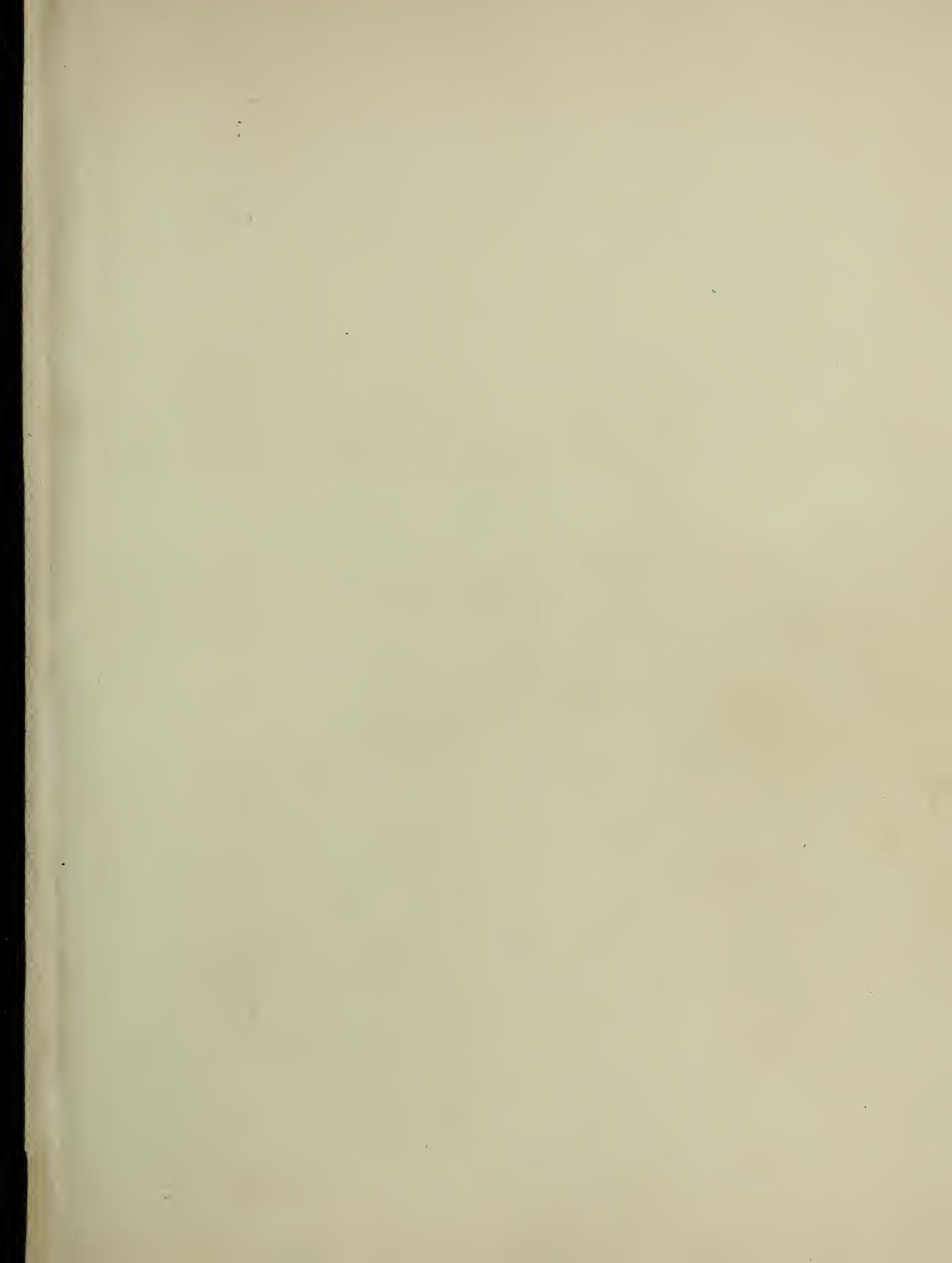


Book

19-27







Green Book Staff

Editor	Arthur Hughes
Associate Editor	Lamarr Zimmerman
Literary Editors	Ruth Allen
	Kenneth Miller
Art Editors	Martha Maybury
	Shirley Rose
	Patrick Coffee
Feature Editor	Althea Merritts
Humor Editors	Clifford Walton
	Frank Young
Sports Editors	Clifford Keys
	Ollie Black
Business Managers	Virginia Brown
	Lawrence Watkins
Typists	Wilma Young
	Kenneth Yoder
	Kermit Clingerman

Table of Contents

Dedication

Editorial	Arthur Hughes
A Brief History of E. N. C.	Lamarr Zimmerman
E. N. C.'s Struggle For Financial Stability	Althea Merritts
Why Are We Here	Arthur Brown
Purpose of a College Education	Wilma Racz
The Turning of the Tide	Robert Lutz
Royal Competition	Wilma Young
Faculty Fantasy	Martha Maybury
Roommates or Inmates	Clifford Walton
Love, A Disease	Kenneth Miller
What's Funny	Carlton Gleason
The Way to a Man's Heart	Ellsworth McAfee
Doughnut Shop Parade	Theona Fry
Run A Mile	Jean Delp
The Hunt	Roy McClain
Post--War Battlefield	John Golden
Abie	Rocco Cerrato
One Day	William Helm
A Memorable Thanksgiving	Arthur Hughes
Freshmen Girls in Sports	Ollie Black
Freshmen Boys in Sports	Clifford Keys
Hits and Bits	Arthur Hughes
Freshman Humor	Clifford Walton
	Frank Young

My Call	Edward Thompson
How I Can Serve God in Nursing	Margaret Taylor
Why Must I Preach	Arthur Brown
Why I Want to be a Missionary	Wilma Racz



To her whose life is a testimony of the power of God,
Whose indefatigable efforts through the years have helped to mold
Eastern Nazarene College's Christian tradition,
Whose effervescent personality proves an inspiration to all and,
Whose virtues of loyalty, sincerity, and leadership have instilled
a deep sense of appreciation within us.

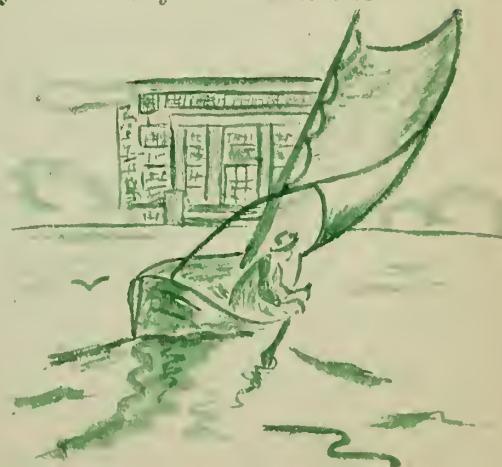
To our friend and adviser,
MISS ALICE SPANGENBERG,
we respectfully dedicate the
1947 Green Book.

Eastern Nazarene College is growing up, and we as members of the Class of 1950 must grow with it. Ours is the privilege and the responsibility of being a part of the present period of transition.

Longfellow has written, "There is no death; what seems so is transition." E. N. C. has not suffered death as a small college, nor will she ever be called upon to face such a fate, but she is moving ahead, and as she progresses new problems will arise.

Longfellow wasn't thinking of the possibility of spiritual death which is an ever-present danger, but he does bring to our remembrance a very vital question that we must answer. Shall E. N. C. pass through this transition successfully and remain spiritually alive? We hold the key to unlock the future for E. N. C. We are the crest of the rising wave of progress. The leaders of tomorrow shall be chosen from the students of today. Let's begin our preparation by qualifying spiritually even now. Let's continue to be the crest of the wave that is speedily carrying us across the sea of transition. Let's be prominent for Christ even though the world may be blind to our prominence.

E. N. C. has known struggle and has had to wage a determined fight for its existence. Spiritual leaders of yesterday and today have won for her a place in the sun. Humbleness, complete consecration, love, and hours of communion with God are the spiritual qualities that have spelled success for E. N. C., and they are waiting for us to manifest them anew to insure the continued existence of E. N. C. as a center of holiness.



A never-changing God expects of us the same attitudes, love, and obedience that He required of the founders of our school. He expects, and as we yield to Him, so will E. N. C. gain momentum as a Christian force in a needy world.

Must we stand by and be spectators only to the picture of need that is before us, or is there something we can do to aid and abet the cause of Christ and E. N. C.? You have heard it said that the whole is no better than its individual parts. We, as the largest class that has ever entered E. N. C., must be successful for Christ in order that it might be said of E. N. C., "There is no death, no spiritual death." We cannot be one hundred per cent for Christ until each individual of our number comes to know Him in the fulness of His great salvation. This, the salvation of our classmates should be our secondary objective, in order that we might reach our primary objective, the successful beaching of E. N. C.'s transitional wave.

Scores of colleges have had their beginnings with Christ as the Presiding Officer. They have fallen by the wayside through negligence and sin. They passed through their transitional periods and have died spiritually. They live today as educational giants who have dropped the most important course from their curricula, the teachings of Jesus Christ. We must not suffer a similar fate. We must arise to new heights for Christ. We must grow with E. N. C. until she is only changed in that she is a greater force for Christ than she is at present. We are just the beginning of the transition, but there can be but one ending if we remember our debt to the Christ of the Ages.

Past actions determine to a great extent the behavior and reactions of most of us. They also may influence what we shall do or be in the days that lie ahead.

The successes of those who have gone before often inspire us to newer and higher heights. In looking back at E.N.C. we are encouraged in believing that she shall continue winning new victories in Christ. Look with us at E.N.C. in the pages that follow.



History of E.N.C.

Pre-Wollaston Days.

1900 !



Eastern Nazarene College was founded to serve the needs and interest of Christian young people, and since the original corner stone was laid, many cherished milestones have been passed.

In 1902, after an abbreviated stay of two years at Saratoga Springs, New York, the Pentecostal Collegiate Institute moved to North Scituate, Rhode Island. The location sufficed until 1918, when the Institute was placed under the control of the Eastern Educational Zone of the Nazarene Church and the new Eastern Nazarene College was authorized by Rhode Island to grant the A.B. degree.

The Growth of E.N.C.

1919 brought a climax.

The present site in Wollaston, Massachusetts was purchased. The once stately "Mansion", at this time, was the hub of the Quincy Mansion School, a finishing school for girls.

Elm Avenue was a lazy lane leading to the beach then. The campus was a long lawn, dotted with magnificent pines and elms, and only three buildings broke nature's landscape. The 'bender-bruised' Mansion, the 'Friday-special' Manchester, and the 'scented cardboard' are still standing. Oh, yes, I nearly forgot--the Mansion even had hinges on the doors--THEN.

Rev. J.E.L. Moore, the first president, maintained high hopes for the growth of the



college as the first graduating class of 1923 reached a grand total of four. Among those graduates were some of E.N.C.'s future eminent leaders, and some are still serving in the ranks today--still carrying the torch of Christian education. They were Prof. Spangenberg, Rhetoric instructor, and Mrs. F. Nease, Registrar. The present Freshman class boasts of an enrollment of approximately 170, the largest class in the entire history of the school. Should God tarry, 1950 will be another milestone of accomplishment. There will be another group who will have equipped themselves for further Christian service.

Within the next several years the athletic field, Munro Hall, and the Gymnorium were erected, and then came a great day in the history of E.N.C. In 1930 our Alma Mater was granted a charter by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts to confer the A.B. degree. In the same year the present administration building, Fowler Hall, was erected.

Depression vs. Education.

'Hard-times' were here! Students advanced half-dollars on their bills so that the classrooms could be warmed enough for lectures. Professors sacrificed and placed their faith in God as months passed without any salary. Yes, they got it later, but it took the grace of God to hold on. It was a struggle for students and parents alike for a child to go to school, but walks had to be shoveled, wood had to be chopped, and every dime had to be saved that His work might be carried on.

Eastern Nazarene College was built on a courage--real courage!

Educational Strides.

Came 1941, and another educational milestone was passed. Again the Commonwealth of Massachusetts recognized the progress of that little Hol-

ness School on Elm Avenue. A charter was granted to confer the degrees of B.S., Th. B., and A.B. in Theology. In 1943 and 1944, E.N.C. was elected to the membership in the New England Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools and the Association of American Colleges, respectively. Recently E.N.C., dear E.N.C., has been recognized as having made, next to Harvard University, the most advances for the betterment of the science departments.

Everyone's Challenge.

Eastern Nazarene College has grown just as its graduates have grown, and Eastern Nazarene College will continue to grow just as we are going to grow. We are a part of her.

Lest we forget---"first things first." Then, and only then will the stalwart tradition live on, and will E.N.C. be a great institution, favorable in the sight of God.

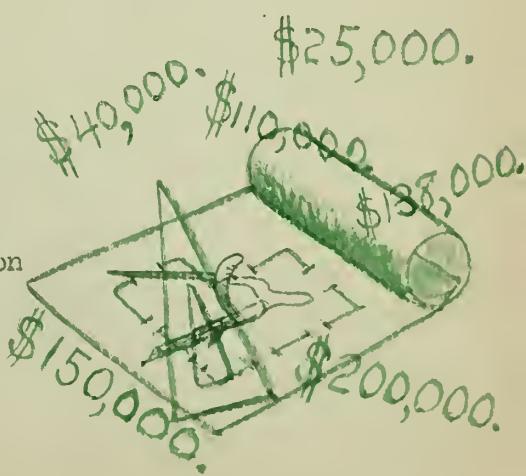
E.N.C.'s Struggle For Financial Stability

I'll be E.N.C.ing you." Undoubtedly you could find this statement in many autograph books, whether you were in northern Maine, southern Pennsylvania, or over in Ohio-----yes, wherever the E.N.C. Quartet has been. The quartets which travel over the country representing Eastern Nazarene College remind us of one of the greatest problems which has confronted this college, the struggle for financial stability.

Going back to the early days of E.N.C., we find that even the acquisition of the new location here in Wollaston was a step of faith. For in those days E.N.C. was a small school and the purchase of a new location was a great undertaking. For a few years the buildings were adequate for the size of the student body. However, with the increase of the student body came a need for more buildings. A girl's dormitory was the first to be erected. This building, called Munro Hall, cost \$40,000.00.

As the college continued to grow, more and better classrooms were needed. In 1929 the Administration building was erected at a cost of \$110,000.00. It was completed just before the depression. Pledges had been taken over the zone toward the elimination of this debt. Then the stock market crashed and the depression came. This meant that many pledges which were made in good faith could not be paid. But the God who supplies the needs of E.N.C. today was likewise faithful in those days, and this debt was eliminated.

The income during the depression was extremely low. The administration and faculty worked for a small salary of which they received only a fraction to keep the college going. When Dr. Williamson became president in 1936 there were obligations,



including back salaries amounting to \$200,000.00.

Several campaigns have been put on, including a \$25,000.00. drive in 1942 and the final mortgage eliminating campaign in 1944.

Then in 1945 a campaign was launched for a new building-----the wing to Munro Hall. This cost \$138,000.00 including the equipment.

With the termination of the war and the increased enrollment of service men, the need for a boys' dormitory is greater than ever. Plans are now under way for this building. The estimated cost is \$150,000.00.

Although the critical point in this struggle for financial stability has undoubtedly passed, there will be more financial worries. However, we believe that as long as E.N.C. remains, a holiness college and keeps God first, there will continue to be victory over financial struggles.

 Our happy present is uppermost in all of our minds. As a Christ centered class we are happy. We are an interested class, interested in writing, talking, working and playing. We are a confident group. We believe in ourselves. We believe in E.N.C. We expect to leave our mark upon E.N.C. and not just upon dormitory walls. What we are and what we feel are expressed in the themes that follow.



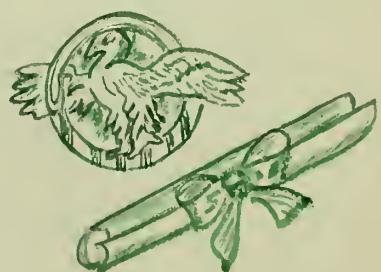
Why Are We Here?

The veterans get everything around here." Recently a young lady on our campus made this statement which, together with several others of the same nature, has inspired me to take pen in hand and write.

We, the veterans, are not here to take over the school, now are we here to get anything that is not coming to us. We do not ask for pity if some of us are nervous and unsettled. We do not ask any professor to give us high grades because of our military background. All we ask is that teachers be patient with us while we make our adjustment to civilian life again. We do not ask our fellow students to admire and look up to us. We but ask that we be allowed to forget the chaos of war, the constant drudgery of service life, and the thoughts of guns, planes and bombs. Let us be members of the crowd, students of the college, just regular fellows.

We, the veterans, are here for a purpose as others are. Those of us who are studying for the ministry have been thrown into the world of sin during our military careers. We have returned and are in college to prepare ourselves to fight the immorality and evil corruption which is now threatening our nation.

Those of us who are in college majoring in other subjects such as chemistry, mathematics, or science are students primarily because we have seen the need of a better citizenry in our nation. The amalgamation of men of all sorts and races whom we have met in the service has brought to us a realization of the need of Christian men in the various careers in which we major.



All of us are here to prepare ourselves in an intellectual sense to prevent the recurrence of another world war.

Perhaps it has never occurred to those who accuse us of getting everything around here, that during the past five or six years there has been a giving on the part of veterans that might have been the giving of everything instead of the getting of everything. We appreciate the fact that we do not have to work our way through college, but while many others were attending college, some of us were fighting to keep that privilege for them. We did not ask for what we are getting but we appreciate it. However, it would be well for some people to think before saying we are getting too much. Haven't we earned it?

Why are we here? We are here because God saw fit to let us return. We are here to prepare ourselves to be better citizens of a great nation. Most of us are here to serve God to the utmost of our ability. We request that we be allowed to live a peaceful, normal, happy life with others. We want to be forgotten as veterans. Let us be just another group of regular fellows.

The Purpose of a College Education

 Why are we here? This question is an important one for every freshman to consider. I have been a college student for only two months, but my contacts with other college students have given me a revelation on this subject.

At the dinner table one night a student leaned over to me and whispered, "I think I'll go home and go to work. I find study too hard a job; it was a mistake that I came to college." Did this student think she could get a college education without the discipline of the study-grind?

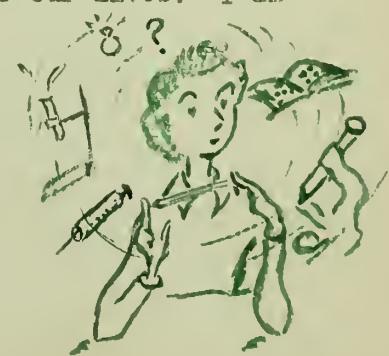
Another student said she wanted all A's in her courses -- nothing less would satisfy.

Still another young woman revealed that she was here chiefly seeking a life partner.

A fourth student, a young man, confessed that he did not know why he was here.

Do not these illustrations indicate that some students are missing the mark? They have not paused long enough to analyze the purpose of a college education.

Why are we here? Are we here to advance our social standing? Are we here to get high marks? Are we here to seek a mate? Are we here because college is a good place to spend four years of our lives? I am willing to admit that an affirmative answer to these questions would not be entirely wrong. But you will agree that basically we must go beyond these reasons; we must have a deeper purpose in





being here.

Why am I here? Because I feel the need for a good foundation for my life; I feel the need for a liberal education; I feel the need for a liberal perspective; I feel the need to broaden my horizon. And I expect Eastern Nazarene College to meet my needs. Having laid the foundation, I shall need to specialize in a major field of study. We have to practice what Emerson calls the "science of omitting." He states that no man can identify himself with all desirable movements, master all tempting studies, excel in all arts, pursue all trades. We cannot give attention to all things. The world is large and life is short. Many interests appeal to us which we have to leave severely alone. Life's margin is too narrow. A few things at most are all we can well manage.

I firmly believe that God has a place and a purpose for every life, and if one wholeheartedly seeks to find His will, he shall not be disappointed. When one has found the will of God for his life, he should set out to fulfill that will with all his might. As a physician adapts his medicines to his patients, so the college student in due time should adapt his knowledge to this needy world. The world is waiting for our service. We need to recognize the need all around us, and purpose to do something about it! Then our college education will not have been in vain. I want always to remember that I have entered Eastern Nazarene College to learn in order that I may depart to serve.

Greenland, the West Indies, felt the impact of this modern Pentecost.

Do you suppose that we, as Nazarenes, have received all that God wants to give us? We see the need of our day, the threat of Russia to the mission program; we see other foes threatening to forfeit the sacrifices of our boys in the global war. We see the indifference of our world, the lethargy in the church world in general.

Don't we need an outpouring of the Spirit of God, to enable us to measure up to the responsibilities that lie at our doors, to accomplish the herculean tasks that confront us, to wage the Christian warfare and blitz the world for God?

Is the Father withholding His Pentecosts? Or might we receive power from on high, such as we have never seen, ever dreamed? Might we not see the general revival that has been lacking since the days of Moody?

Churchmen told Mr. Moody that the day of mass revival was over. (Do we ever hear that now?) But the evangelist stepped out alone, by faith, and utterly refused to believe such a thing.

We know the result.

Suppose that some day in that other world we are informed by our Heavenly Father, sorrowfully, that had someone had faith enough and prayed, He could have sent a mighty revival in the middle of the twentieth century.

Why couldn't such a revival start here, even at E.N.C., and spread like wild-fire to our home churches, to our districts, jumping denominational barriers, putting spiritual muscle into our country to sustain the great missionary drive, which must be carried out for our Lord?

"According to your faith, so be it unto you."

Shall we have Pentecost, here, now?

"Lord, increase our faith" --- "Help our unbelief," for Jesus' sake.

Royal Competition



et ready, get set. Go!" With these words the weeks of preparation and tiring exercise came to an end. At last the day had arrived! I was sitting in a massive room with approximately two hundred other girls all around me from all parts of the state, competing for typewriting honors.

The sound of the instructor's anticipated words filled me with a momentary terror. My fingers seemed too heavy for me, and out of proportion to the rest of my hand. How could I possibly get them to move? All the finger limbering exercises I had rehearsed over and over again while back in the classroom were in vain, for at this precarious moment my fingers would not move. The manuscript before me seemed unreal, and the strange black machine stared at me like a monster before my frightened eyes. Calmly the efficient looking instructor shouted those words which meant the test had begun.

Typewriter keys clicked and carriages slammed back to the beginning margin. With a Royal typewriter before me, I sat stiffly in a straight backed chair, and stared intensely at the mimeographed sheet at my side. My fingers flew as they never had before. I was conscious of being tested for accuracy as well as speed.

As the ringing of bells, pounding of keys and slamming of carriages greeted my ears, I knew that I was just one of many in this group of honor-loving teen-agers. As I hurried on, my fingers traveled nimbly from one key to the next. Words grew into sentences, sentences into paragraphs. The more I typed, the



more confident I became. An exhilarating joy filled my heart. Perhaps I could win a prize for our school. How proud my parents would be. The pecking of the keys continued, and the constant tingle of the bells made the huge, high ceilinged room seem strangely alive with tense excitement. Once through the manuscript--twice through the manuscript--space bar, margin release, click, click, click--and then the clear sound of the finish gong echoed throughout that busy room and the noise of the machines began to die down. A stray click here and there, and then complete silence. The ten minutes were up, and the test was over.

A few weeks later the results of the test were announced. I walked across the stage of our high school auditorium to receive my certificate as one of the ten highest students.

Rev. John William's children had been begging for weeks to go ice skating on the pond over yonder. "Daddy, why can't we go, huh, Daddy?" pleaded Tommy with a big salty Soteriades falling on his cheek.

"Well, son, I just want to shield you from danger. I want you to live to be a big Mann," answered the preacher.

"But we won't go MacFarland out, honest we won't," he continued. The Parson's wife looked up just then and said in sympathy with the children, "Dad, we owns it to them to let them have some fun."

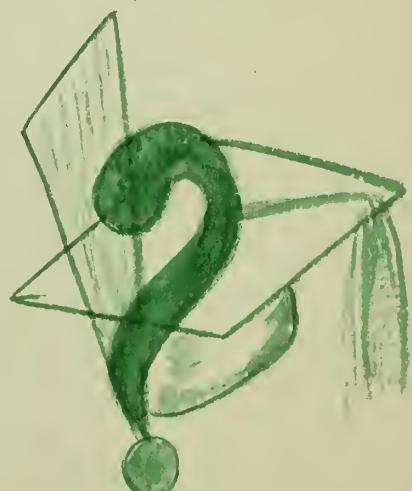
"Well, if they don't Harris me any more, I guess they can go tomorrow," consented Dad.

"Hurray! Hurray!" cried the Youngsters as they ran up-stairs as fast as their little legs would carry them, and that night four little pairs of Nease were bent in prayers of thankfulness.

Early the next morning Mother packed a lunch for them to take--hot chocolate and Spangenbergers. Soon the children ran noisily into the kitchen and gulped down their breakfast of Shrader wheat. Then they packed the lunch and ice-skates on the sleigh which one of the Williamsons had built and as they were scrambling in Mother called, "Bab-cock your hat and button your coat."

Dad came running out with something they had forgotten. "Naylor on and we'll take it," Tommy shouted.

Finally all were tucked in and the pony was Horton and ready to go. From the Hall Dad's



Pass voice called, "Be Goodnow!"

Tommy shouted back, "You know Rothwell we will!"

Over the hill sped the little sleigh of happy children. All were speechless soon as they glided through the silent, majestic snow covered Groves. They came to a halt in a sheltered Cove and they piled out. Tommy hid the lunch underneath the heavy blankets and explained, "If we may bury the hot lunch under here it won't be Gould off when we get back." Little Sally was the first to try the ice. All of a sudden the shining surface cracked and she fell into a big hole. "Delp! Delp!" she cried.

The children were stricken with fear. Some one called "Mun ro her a line!"

The danger was soon over however and Sally was soon on solid ground. "We Willkins tests the ice hereafter," they said.

"Em mel never beg Daddy to death again either," whimpered Sally shiveringly.

"A Mullen," breathed Tommy as if in benediction to the whole affair.

Roommates or Inmates?

College life is a very merry life. When I think how at first I abhorred it, I have to laugh.

The year got off to a good start with only four of us rooming together. We didn't have enough desks and closet space, and we couldn't call our souls our own. But there came a day when one of us gave up the ghost and went home. Then I was left to the mercy of the other two.

My buddies are the worst eaters I have ever seen. Their consumption of edibles is not only amazing, but frightening. One or the other of them will go to the store and return with his arms so full of bundles he can hardly see over the tops of them. Then begin a series of ah's and um's and an occasional, what-have-you-got-there? Soon there is a wolfish ripping and tearing off of wrappings. Why, to satiate their hunger would take enough food for twenty men.

Just as we are finished, invariably some fellow or fellows stick their heads in the door and ask whether we have any food. We point to the empty packages and debris and say glibly, "Sorry, fellows."

I think fellows have their noses trained to smell food a mile off. Very often some rowdy sticks his head in the door and asks for food. His question is, "Have you any food?" Now we are to understand a "for me" on the end of that question, but his reference not being clear, we can say no without qualms.

Now let's go back. I remember the first night as a night of horrors. Fellows were tramping in and out looking for beds, mattresses,



pillows. I have two clowns for roommates. One tells corny jokes way into the night and the other one doesn't catch on until you draw a diagram. Now when I have a friend in and we argue theology and miscellaneous items until one o'clock, I think I am only getting even. A dormitory is certainly a grand place to view the Human Comedy.

I soon found out that we had musicians in the dormitory. Their instruments were peculiar and they played them in a strange way at rather inconvenient practice hours for the rest of us. They used to play ash cans by heaving them down the stairs at twelve or twelve thirty in the middle of the night. These ash can serenaders are now out of business, however.

One morning at the refined hour of three, I was a spectator at a drama much more interesting than the one entitled, Young Doctor Malone Takes Out John's Other Wife. One of my roommates, studious young man that he was, had decided to get up and study at three o'clock. This idea seemed absurd to me and I didn't believe he would do it. But, promptly at three his alarm went off. My dear comrade flew off the top bunk and landed with a crash on the floor. He got his books together and went to studying. I was well on my way back to the Land of Nod when a rasping voice spat out the words, "Shut that light off and go to bed." Nothing happened. The owner of the voice, perceiving that his order was not to be followed, got slowly out of bed and shuffled across the room. He pulled the plug and the room was plunged into Stygian darkness. Flash! The light was on. Then began the greatest pushing in and pulling out of that plug that you ever saw. The argument ended in a draw, but there is no more three o'clock studying.

Let me ask in closing, "Where, but in a dormitory?"

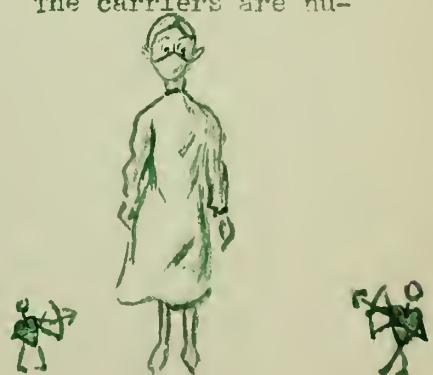
Love - A Disease

 Scotchman once said of love, 'Tis better felt than 'telt,' but from observing it as a college disease, I believe 'tis better telt.' It often strikes those whose resistance is lowest, and in these days the mortality rate of weakened human beings called G.I.'s is highest.

As a warning to those not yet in love's clutches let me sound a note of precaution. Let it first be said that in nine-tenths of the case histories of the affected, the disease has led to the altar. After this seemingly painless operation the victim gradually loses his semblance of liberty, sanity and often consciousness.

You who have been observant know the modes and variety of symptoms. Often it breaks out in the most unsuspected, for love is no respecter of persons, ages or types. The diagnosis of the malady has as many variations as there are victims. To cite cases let us observe some sufferers. There is the "dreamer", who floats about as if in the fifth dimension, the "gay" one, who goes about singing, "I'm gonna build a home for two or three or more," and then the totally oblivious victim who apparently does not see or hear.

Beware of the wiles and connivings of the carriers of this disease, who often take the shape of pretty coeds. The more artfully the disease is concealed, the more lethal the carrier becomes. The carriers are numerous and often successful by many long developed tactics. There are the helpless type, the homemaker, the streamlined model, the piano player, and many more. Let it be said that each



type employs a method that has proved successful in the past, and is to be respected.

The disease is most successfully transmitted by such subtle means as a dreamy look or holding hands. The victim is cornered, resistance lowered, and a variety of methods are employed. The result is confusion and utter collapse of the victim's morale.

While the disease is rampant in all seasons, it is stimulated at particular seasons. In spring and autumn, pitfalls are more numerous. Tending to lower the resistance are such obstacles to be overcome as the moon over Wollaston Beach, the balmy atmosphere of the campus and Friday night programs.

By this time the observant spectator has become aware of the many soft shoulders in the road to immunity. Now the worst has been written concerning this disease. Take heed - or pay the price.

"What's Funny?"

A Sense of Humor

What is funny? Nothing is funny that defames, degrades, or in any way injures a person, or persons, or introduces a low trend of thought. True humor is an appeal to the mind -- not to animal instincts. The uncouth may laugh at that which injures another; but the joke that conceals a barb is not truly humorous. The genuinely humorous story or prank does not have to depend upon depravity or malice for successful acceptance for it appeals to the mentally alert on a higher plane.

Humor may range from the broad, slapstick variety to a subtle type that only the alert mind appreciates immediately. There are many persons who enjoy a pie-throwing contest, clownish capers, and crude stories. Other persons find merriment in clever parodies, allegories, analogies, and whimsical or freakish happenings or actions. Probably the most generally appreciated joke is that which is told with the storyteller as the victim. This latter type of a joke is appreciated, not only because people approve that which implies humility, but because it is the most free from injurious reference to others. To be able to laugh at one's self is an indication of a genuine sense of humor.

Americans are known for their ability to laugh. It can only appear that there is something about our way of life that is conducive to happiness and hope even during a period of duress. The evidence of our humorous trend is everywhere; in comic strips, in advertising, in radio programs, and even underlying many of our more serious moments. Through many of the comic strips we are made to



laugh at ourselves. In the comic strips Dagwood and Blondie, Out Our Way, and others, we see ourselves mirrored and yet find ourselves to be proper objects for laughter.

Men in the business world find that more can be accomplished in less time with greater fellowship when the element of humor is present. Business men carry their stock of jokes and puns and put them to work even in serious conferences. There can be no denial that sincere good humor creates an atmosphere that breaks down mental and nervous tension and introduces a spirit of fellowship that makes the solution of weighty problems much easier. A humorous catch-phrase used in advertising will haunt the memory when more serious assertions are forgotten.

It has been said that America's number one secret weapon is her sense of humor. There is a question as to how secret it is, yet no one can deny that it was a powerful factor in the winning of the recent world conflict. When men were so discouraged and disgusted that no officer could inspire them to greater effort, they have been made to laugh their dark moods away by some whimsical turn of events. The ability to find humor in near tragedy has proved to be the necessary psychological factor that has won victory from near defeat.

True humor does not distract from the serious issues at hand. It rather refreshes and stimulates the mind to a maximum of efficiency.

The Way To A Man's Heart

It was my first Thanksgiving away from home in twenty-six years. There I was in Great Falls, Montana, a bustling, thriving city of 30,000 fine people. The day was sunny and warm, the countryside was beautiful, but it was all lost on me. My thoughts were on my home in New Bedford, Massachusetts, and I could picture all that was going on in preparation for a delicious turkey dinner.

With a heavy heart I went to the serviceman's oasis, the U.S.O. There were a number of men there all feeling as I was. About six of my friends stood around and of course we discussed food.

Suddenly the hostess came up to us and wanted to know whether we would like to have a turkey dinner with some people outside the city. We looked at one another in amazement and were told this family always had a great number for their dinner. So, in two automobiles, eight soldiers drove to a small town in Montana called Belt.

There were only a few buildings in the town, but the home we walked into immediately reminded me of home. We always had eight to fourteen people for Thanksgiving, and this house, a cottage with seven rooms, looked like a railway station with fifteen people walking around.

After introductions were finished, everyone had name plates pinned on. Then, to my super-sensitive nostrils came the unmistakable odor of turkey, potatoes, turnips, dressing, cranberry sauce, pumpkin pies, apple pies, all cooking away merrily.

While the rest of the boys acted like gentlemen, I stepped out into the kitchen and asked if



I could help. In two minutes flat I had an apron on and was mashing what looked like a bushel of potatoes.

There seem to be two schools of thought on how to act while waiting for the call to eat. One is to get away from all the hustle and bustle of preparation and come in the house just at the right time. The other is to sit around and let the various aromas play havoc with your appetite. I belong to the latter class.

After what seemed a long period of waiting, we all assembled around the table. To me went the honor of giving thanks. And I had plenty to be thankful for.

My portion of the meal started with apple juice; then in rapid fire order came a giant drumstick, mashed potatoes, turnips, thick brown gravy, Massachusetts "Ocean Spray" cranberry sauce, boiled onions, and stuffing. I had two helpings, but only because my host insisted I keep him company.

Our desserts were mouth-watering banana cream pie, or pumpkin pie, or whipped cream cake. Some persons had all three, but I enjoyed every one.

The boys split into two groups of four and did the dishes. I washed in the second group, and had all of the pots and pans.

It was necessary for all of us to take a walk. I suggested a nap, but was told only pigs eat and then sleep.

We had a grand day. We sang hymns and met some of the townspeople. You see, the next day all of us were leaving to go overseas.

Doughnut Shop Parade

The customers who come into Ye Doughnut Shop where I work afternoons make up a parade more fascinating than any the circus ever put forth because it is a parade of human beings in all their infinite variety.

Mrs. ----, well, the lady that works in the movie theater across the street, comes in as usual singing, "Doing What Comes Naturally." She has rather a regretful smile because already she has gained too much weight, but she absolutely must have her mid-afternoon cup of coffee. To compensate for the extra pound she might gain if she should eat one of the "honey dips," she refrains and instead orders a half dozen to take home to her husband who, she assures us with a melancholy nod, is losing fast and may die any day.

The manager from the five and ten cent store walks in briskly with a business air of one representing Russell's Funeral Home rather than Kresge's store. The only cheery note about him is his red polka-dot bow tie. Even the powdered jelly doughnut and cup of fragrant coffee, the request for which he mumbled into the sport section of the Boston Globe, fail to take the frown off his brow. As abruptly as he entered, our five-and-ten-cent-store friend leaves the shop and also the parade of customers just as another prospect comes in sight.

"Hello, there, Syracuse," is the greeting of this friendly gentleman who, having found out the home city of his waitress, lets her know that he has a good mind to remember a city so far west, for it is, after all, beyond Albany, New York. At sight of a cheese on



rye sandwich, amber-black coffee, and cinnamon doughnut our cheery friend's eyes gain a sparkle, and a huge grin enwraps his face. The coffee is good and a second cup is in order to eat with the last doughnut.

The old gentleman is waiting impatiently over at the corner table for his order to be taken. When approached by the waitress he smiles a smile of relief and satisfaction and orders his usual egg salad sandwich, cup of coffee, and one plain doughnut. It goes without saying that a knife, fork, and glass of water must accompany his order, for, as he explained before, he has false teeth and it's rather difficult to eat a sandwich without these aids. A look of "good-girl" spreads over his face as the waitress brings his order plus the customary unasked-for aids. The old gentleman settles down to enjoy his lunch and to stare out the window, perhaps to dream of bye-gone youth.

More customers come in adding zest and color to the parade. A benevolent mother buys a dozen doughnuts, lets Junior have one before he leaves the shop, and she soon regrets her act for a frosty mist appears all over the front of his jacket.

Still the parade goes on. One may learn a great deal about human nature in a doughnut shop.

Run A Mile ...

I am afraid of dogs. Black or white, spotted or plain, brown or yellow, it doesn't matter. Curly haired, straight haired, long haired or short haired, it makes no difference. Police, poodles, chow, cocker spaniels, bull, scotties or any other breed, they all frighten me.

When I was a little girl I was told dogs bite and I should never pet them. Their bark always scares me, and whenever I see a dog I make sure to keep my distance. I get very nervous whenever I see a dog running loose on the street. I suppose the dog senses when a person is afraid.

One day as I was going to school a dog came toward me. I decided to cross the street and so did he. A minute later I found myself walking around a tree with that creature right at my heels. I couldn't waste too much time. Frightened, I ran to school and felt very lucky I wasn't bitten.

At home on Sundays I used to walk about two miles to church. Every time I came to a certain home I was sure to meet a dog. He would run and bark ferociously, making me pick up speed. Regardless of how late it was when I left home, I was sure not to be late for service.

Since I am getting older, I find it a little easier to be around dogs. But people must convince me that the dog is harmless. Even today when I meet a dog on the street, I'll say to anybody, boy or girl, man or woman, stranger or friend, "Will he bite? Please chase him away."

Now I am in college, laughing but still running. I try to be very brave for I notice





that Wollaston has more dogs than I have ever seen. Just the other day it took me a half hour to walk three blocks. This certain dog would not stop following me, and I did my best to walk slowly and stay beside him. I thought he would be sure to give me a good chase, so we both trotted together. When I came to the door of Munro Hall I found no one in sight. I waited till this dog turned his head and then made a quick dive into the building. Ah, it felt good to be safe in my room once more.

Today we find some people would walk a mile for a Camel (cigarette), but I would run a mile from a dog.

The Hunt

Hhe thrilling voice of an excited hound dog pulling eagerly at his chain shatters the stillness of the cold crisp dawn. The rustle of the brittle leaves under the hunter's boot is muffled by an inch of freshly fallen snow, and the incoherent sounds from far below in the valley herald the birth of another day of the battle for existence. The heavy evergreen boughs suddenly awaken from a deep, silent slumber and suspend a powdery spray of dazzling snow on the long fingers of the winter sun as it creeps steadily over the rolling horizon.

The commanding silence of a deep evergreen growth is threatened now and again by the whine of the dog as he works along a fresh track. A sharp roar echoes back and forth between the hills. The ragged rolling form of a cottontail crumples in a small clearing and lies deathly still to await the laboring hound that proudly retrieves for his master. The skillful slash of a gleaming toadstabber exposes the steaming vitals, and the dog swallows whole his precious reward. The useless remains are quickly buried and only a crimson splotch on the snowy carpet remains to tell of the first kill.

The gurgling moan of captive water leads on to the brink of an icy ravine. Here and there the rapid stream breaks through its prison of ice and displays its splendor among the coated rocks. A jutting rise, beneath a giant hemlock growing from the floor of the ravine, is filled with the cheerful atmosphere radiating from a tiny campfire and the scent of burning pitch drifts noise-



lessly on the quickening breeze. An appetite cultivated by the hike in the snappy air is made even more acute with the aroma of frying bacon and boiling coffee. Bread, held close to the glowing embers of hemlock bark, is transformed to a golden brown delicacy, and a frozen snow apple from a wild tree back on the hillside completes the satisfying lunch.

The drumming start and the straight beating flight of a partridge recalls the dominant hunting instinct. Two clipped explosions are absorbed by the evergreen foliage and a sigh of disappointment acknowledges failure. Two steps, drumming, a shot, and a shower of feathers account for the mate of the more fortunate bird. The talented hound soon discovers the ingeniously camouflaged bird and carries it to his master.

Suddenly a small herd of deer appear, display their hypnotizing beauty and coordination, and disappear with barely an audible sound. The dog whines and protests but remains faithful to his master's will that he ignore this beautiful game.

The bite of the dry snow finally penetrates the hunter's boots and a glance at the early winter sky reveals a graying east lost from the grasp of a shrunken, dull yellow sun desperately clinging above the southwestern horizon. As it is swallowed by the conquering hills, an overwhelming yearn for human companionship turns the hunter's boots back toward his valley and his people.



uring the past few years I have seen the heavily rationed Britons "queue" up for hours to receive their meager allotment of food. I have seen hungry Frenchmen shop in pitifully stocked grocery stores. I have seen the once proud Germans scrambling for the garbage from American army kitchens. I have seen the Belgians begging for waste grease and coffee grounds. I have seen soldiers wait in line for hours to get something to eat. But never have I witnessed anywhere a scene equal to an American grocery store on Friday evening.

Last Friday night my wife and I went to a nearby grocery store to purchase our week-end food supply. The store was bulging with just about everything in a gourmet's dream, and people were milling around from one counter to another. As is the usual custom on Friday evenings a group had crowded themselves together in the rear of the store near the stockroom door from which all the precious, hard-to-get items were issued. People were knocking and shoving without offering an occasional "excuse me" or "pardon me." My wife and I decided that it would be much safer if we continued our shopping at the other end of the store.

I was leaning lazily against our grocery cart when a distinguished looking couple caught my eye. There were perhaps in their sixties and both appeared to be in the best of health. The gentleman was tall, gray-haired, and quite handsome. His wife was his equal in every respect. They seemed to be taking their time shopping, and more than anyone else, they seemed to shun the mob that



was seeking those prized commodities. As I observed the man I admired his reserved manner and could not help wishing that some day I might be as quiet and well mannered as he.

My wife and I finally decided to leave. By this time the distinguished gentleman was in line waiting his turn to pass by the cashier. The frenzied mob was still gathered around the stockroom door, becoming more and more impatient.

Suddenly there appeared from nowhere two white-clad figures. Apparently they had come out the back door and slipped quietly in the front entrance. They had in their arms two crates of soap powder. Although we had tried in vain all evening to stay clear of the mob, we were suddenly in the midst of it. Bedlam broke loose everywhere.

The Tale of Two Cities, which I had read recently, was still fresh in my mind. For a moment I thought I was in the storming of the Bastille. I could see not one Madame and Monsieur DeFarge running around, but seemingly thousands of them. I could hear Madame DeFarge cry, "To me, women! We can kill as well as the men when this place is taken." I could see the living sea rise, wave on wave, depth on depth. I could see the Bastille crumbling under the powerful onslaught of the emaciated, starved French people as they rushed pell-mell into the interior of the prison. When I regained my composure I thought of my wife as we had been separated in the mob. Finally I spotted her near the outer edge.

Suddenly a well dressed figure zoomed past me and rushed toward the clerks who were giving out the soap powder. To my amazement it was the old gentleman, "my hero." He had completely "gone to pieces" at the sight of soap powder; had left the cashier's line and was in the thick of the mob. I could see him as he clutched the powder and dashed madly back toward the cashier. In his hurry to get in line with his prize, he crashed into my

wife, knocking her into another shopper's heavily laden cart, partially upsetting it. A huge jar of strawberry preserves fell out of the cart onto the floor, crashing in an ugly mess. The old gentleman did not bother to stop or utter one word of apology, but as he walked away he wore a look of shame and utter disgrace.

Such was shopping in America, the "land of plenty," on a Friday night when shortages made life interesting.

Abie

 One day Abie was on guard duty at Camp Shanks, New York. Rumors came around that we were going overseas the next day. Abie heard the news and he was off. The sergeant looked all over for Abie and could not find him, but discovered his rifle in the snow near the latrine. Farther down the road he found Abie's rifle-belt and helmet. The sergeant sent out a description of Abie and one hour later little Abie was dragged into camp.

When Abie heard the overseas rumor he thought he would like to stay in Brooklyn a while longer, and that was the reason why he had disappeared. He just had to go home.

The next day all the boys were lined up and ready to march to the boat. Someone yelled, "Wait a minute, fellows, ----- where's Abie?"

A detail of men were sent out in search of Abie and they found him hiding under an officer's bed. He was taken to the boat at the point of a bayonet.

After a two-week trip on a beautiful freighter we landed in France. There was Abie, first to hit the beach. Who shoved Abie off the gangplank?

In France Abie dug one six-by-six after another six-by-six for punishment. After a while he had to stop digging because he almost dug up the whole company area.

The company got orders to move up to the front lines. Under cover of darkness the men crept into position. Many were killed and many captured that night. The next day the captain



took count of the men. Among the missing was Abie. Who saw Abie last?

News came that the Krauts had got some American uniforms and were trying to sneak into our lines. All the men were warned and were told to keep a watchful eye for them. A few hours after the news we heard a series of shots. I looked out of the window and saw a little fellow dressed in an American uniform pushing a baby carriage. I looked again and, yes---- it was Abie.

Abie told the captain that he was tired, so he went into the German lines to rest. The equipment was too heavy to carry, so he acquired a baby carriage to bring the equipment in. The captain asked Abie if he saw any German activity going on in their lines. Abie said, "No, but gee, Capt., there is a herring factory over there, and boy, are the herring good."

The captain kept Abie near him so that he wouldn't get into any more trouble. One night the captain heard a noise outside of the house. No one would go out to see who was there. Abie opened the door, walked out and yelled, "Hey, is anyone out there?" He walked back into the house and said, "Don't worry, Capt., there isn't anyone out there."

The company moved on and captured a town called Krondroff. The captain looked all over for a fellow who could interpret German for him. Abie told the captain that he knew the language, but the captain didn't want to give Abie the job as interpreter. The captain had a hard time trying to get the Krauts to understand what he was trying to tell them. He finally had to give in, and so Abie got the job as interpreter. The next few weeks Abie walked around like a general. If he saw a Kraut sitting down he would yell at him and really made the Kraut jump. Abie got too big for

his shoes and he thought he could make the G.I.'s jump also. One day he tried to make them jump. They jumped all right: they jumped all over him.

As the days went on Abie got into more trouble. The captain swore and declared that he would send Abie to the South Pacific. An order came down from headquarters requesting ten men for South Pacific duty. Of course Abie's name was put at the top of the list.

Poor Abie packed his bags and told the captain that he would have the last laugh on him.

Abie left and no one heard anything from him or about him. One day a card came to the captain saying, "Hello, Capt., the orders were changed and we were sent home. It is really nice out here in Brooklyn. Ha ha.

Your boy,

Abie"

One Day

Come with me to the little town of Libocawan, snuggled in the mountains of Czechoslovakia's Sudetenland. It is about five o'clock in the morning, and bitter cold. Walking through the narrow snowy streets we come to an old building with a high barbed wire fence around it. We follow the fence around to the back of the house until we come upon the German guard. He is just unlocking the fence gate. Let us follow him and see where he is going. In front of us is a big iron door, secured with a padlock which the guard unfastens.

We enter into another room which is dimly lighted. All around the room there are double-decked beds lined up close together. The guard turns on all the lights and yells "aufstehen" (get up). Slowly everyone crawls out. We see most of the men have their clothes on and for a good reason as they have only two thin blankets apiece. In the meantime some of the men are washing themselves with cold water from a tank in the entry way. As the Germans have cut the coal ration there is no coal for hot water and very little for heating purposes. We ask some of the men what outfits they were in. One says, "Twenty-sixth Division," another, "The First," and many other divisions are mentioned.

Soon we hear the call to come and get coffee. The men all line up with their large soup bowls and march outdoors to the cook-house window where their bowls are filled with coffee made from chestnuts. They also receive a small ration of doughy dark bread with a minute pat of margarine on it. By this time a fire, made of bed slats,



has been built in a stove that is on one side of the room. The men have crowded around it, trying to absorb the heat and toast their bread. It is so soggy that part of it sticks on the side of the stove. With breakfast over, the men tidy up the place a bit with brooms made out of branches. There we see a fellow eating some of the burnt pieces of bread that stuck on the side of the stove. Most of the men are very gaunt looking and their clothes hang on them.

The guard returns and everyone puts on what clothes he has as it is time to go to work. They are a motley looking crew. Some are wearing their army clothes and others a mixture of clothes issued by the Jerrys when they took the men's uniforms away. All the clothing is marked with an orange triangle which identifies the owner as a prisoner of war. It is still dark as the men march out into the bitter cold morning and line up in columns of fours. Three German guards, who are between fifty and sixty-five years old, count the men. There are sixty-seven men in the work crew this morning. Two cooks and a helper stay behind to prepare the noon soup.

We follow the men some three miles along the snowy road until we come to the foot of a steep mountain. After a short climb we reach the office and the stone crusher buildings where the men work. They are put in a room under the office. At seven the whistle blows and the men file out and line up to be put in different details. One group goes to work in the stone crusher building, another to the first level of the mountain and to the job of loading stone to be sent to the crusher.

We will go with the group that works on the top level. We scramble up a slippery path until we reach the top. The side of the mountain towers above us for two hundred or more feet. From here we can clearly see the Elbe river as it winds its way through the valley to Prague.

The men are recounted and paired off. Their job is breaking and loading stone into large steel cars which run on tracks. The men are required to put out nine cars per man per day but very few ever put out their quota. When a car is full it is sent by cable down to the crusher where the stone is crushed to make fill for railroad beds. At 9:30 there is a half hour break while the civilian bosses have an early lunch. The hungry men sit around watching while their stomachs beat a tattoo against their backbones. By twenty-thirty the soup has arrived and the men do a quick job of licking their bowls clean of the watery soup made of woody turnips. Back to work they go and at five o'clock are ready to return to the foot where they are again recounted.

A tired group of men walk back to the dingy barbed wire enclosures. They line up for another bowl of turnip soup and a small handful of boiled pig potatoes. After eating, some men go to bed, others read their Bibles or sew their clothing. The cook brings in a basket of turnip peelings and the men make quick work of them. Not a scrap is left. Let us listen in on a group of men sitting around a practically cold stove. The main theme of conversation is food and all the things they are going to eat when they get home. At eleven they go to bed and all is quiet. We now take leave after spending a day at a prisoner of war hard labor camp.

A Memorable Thanksgiving



Thanksgiving day of 1944 has left me with an impression and a memory that I would rather have blotted out of my mind.

Jack and I had been standing in a continuous downpour since twelve o'clock. "It is nearly time that the big meal should be brought up, isn't it?" said Jack. I nodded, but at that time my mind wasn't very much concerned with food. Several hours of soggy misery had done its work on my morale. The heavy weight of my clothing, as I walked back and forth striving to attain some heat from somewhere, was an ominous burden to me. The feeling of the water rushing between my toes had also caused me to lose interest in what we were going to have for Thanksgiving dinner.

Nine hours later Jack and I were still there and beginning to feel the very uselessness of the situation. By now we had both come to the place where we had to engage in a false gaiety to bear the very atmosphere. I started to work on Jack with an old line. "Jack," I said, "you know you'll never have to go to the Pacific after this mess is over. You look too much like a Jap and you would be mistaken for one by our own troops." Jack had a come-back. He was one who always had a word for every word received.

By this time a truck from company headquarters had arrived with a meal which we never knew too much about. The rain was coming down hard now. The cook placed an assortment of things in our messkits which the darkness prevented us from seeing. We ate turkey while rain diluted the gravy. We carried



on our gay banter. We were all actors now. Some of the others joined Jack and me in our meal.

One more hour had passed and with it a never-to-be-forgotten meal, but this Thanksgiving day left its impression upon me in a more unforgettable way. Jack would never go to the Pacific now. He had finished his tour of duty.



Ur opportunity, which could happen once in a life-time, was to visit Mount Zugspitz and view the scenery of the Bavarian Alps. We were dressed for sub-zero weather, after being forewarned by native guides of the expectancies found at 6,900 meters nearer the sky. Our equipment included heavy boots which gave us an elephant-like walk.

On arrival at Hotel Sheerhausen, I went to the exit leading to the ski course, and with almost as much caution as a ground hog emerging from his winter hibernation on the first day of spring, I opened the door and stepped out into a ferocious, cutting, wind driven snowstorm. One cannot imagine the fierce stinging of these crystalline stratospheric morsels against my unprotected cheeks. Utter determination to experience the thrill of skitroopers motivated me to take the superb ski course of the Bavarian Alps.

Adverse weather conditions slowed down my progress toward my ultimate goal. The pressure of the storm against my frosty nostrils made breathing increasingly difficult for my lungs had already half collapsed with the sudden change of altitude.

Our guide, like a Moorish lady, peered through a slot in his drawstring hood and stood by giving the necessary instructions.

Once the spring-jaws of the ski clamps had been adjusted to my boots, I pushed off in the tracks of the preceding expeditionary soldier. Above the rushing noise of a hundred Niagara Falls, I could just make out the seemingly whispered instructions of Herr Sorra, our guide.

The half vertical and half horizontal descent of the slope tensed the muscles in my legs in combination of a sitting and standing position with my right ski uppermost on the ridge. I had



no conception of the vastness of space in this huge bowl of powdered fluff.

For the instant everything had been obliterated before me and a phobia came over me when I realized no one was in the vicinity. The tracks turned and hence I pivoted and plunged in an attempt to locate a fellow skier. "Lost!" was my only impression. In my desperation a catastrophe befell me. Like the crack of splitting atoms the world seemed to come to an end. I awoke to find myself in a grotesque combination of arms, legs, skis and ski poles.

You can imagine my surprise to find both my buddy and the instructor standing over me, laughing as if I were a freak in a sideshow.

There was one ultimatum before me. With body rigidity increased to muscular stiffness I circled in the direction of the hotel, leaving behind a distinct herring bone pattern on the new fallen court.

For the remainder of my scenic excursion I was grateful to be able to view the Alps from a more peaceful but not so exciting standpoint.

Why I Like the Army



While dreaming of eating a turkey dinner, I was rolled out of bed.

When I hit the floor I was told very politely that reveille had been blown ten minutes before.

The sergeants were very considerate. They take care of you as your own mother would. Of course, the mess sergeant was equally kind. He made me a special breakfast of hard bread and jam and then I was assigned to K.P. for two weeks.

My new father really was a fine fellow. Being broke, I thought I would ask my father for a couple of dollars. I went straight into his office without knocking. Did I come out fast at the end of his shoe! My new father did not like me very much after I told the boys about the woman who was on his lap.

Of course I knew that I had one friend, the chaplain. So I went to him and told him all about my trouble. Patting me on the shoulder he then told me all of his troubles. The poor man lived in a barracks of ungodly officers and they surely tried to make a fool of him. His wife was in a hospital dying and he could not get a week-end pass to see her. My new friend had not been paid for five months and he did not have enough for a cup of coffee. So with tears in my eyes I left to write to my girl friend for some word of encouragement.

Then came the day that we had always waited for, pay day. After waiting in line for two hours we were given a fine speech, and at the end our officer said we would not get paid until



next month. My real love for the Army came when we had our first shots. The "trained technician," who had been in the Army for three days, stepped back two feet and plunged the needle into my arm with his gentle touch. After my arm was rubbed down, I again had the pleasure of feeling the wonderful number twenty-two needle as it broke the skin tissue, slipping through the fatty tissues into the bone of my arm. All was fine. After having my twelve overseas shots, I knew I could make it, no matter what happened.

Of course, no boat was too good for us: we went over on a luxury liner. There was everything on this ship even to a swimming pool. Some of our men even had a chance to sleep in it on five decker beds. Our room was beautiful, painted in green and trimmed in gold. We received nothing but the best, mostly nothing, but sometimes we had stewed tomatoes for one of our two meals a day. Then at supper we had one potato with a special treat, spam. Of course the boat's P.X. had plenty of candy in it at a dime a bar.

When I was discharged, a sergeant asked me whether I would like to re-enlist. I said, "No, thank you. I like the Army too much."

Freshman Girls in Sports

 In the Freshman class of 1946-47 several freshman girls proved outstanding in sports. Without these girls society competition would have been less fun. Traditionally, Freshman girls add a great deal of enthusiasm, and this year as no exception.

Thinking of our favorite girl's sport, basketball comes to our minds first. We find:

Martha Maybury - tall, Alpha... agile despite the height.

Charlotte Adams - Alpha star forward... aggressive... right there when needed.

Aleda Watts - Beta and proud of it... alive, fast... promising guard.

Janice Giles - tall, rangy guard... excellent ball handler... one of the Beta hopes for the future.

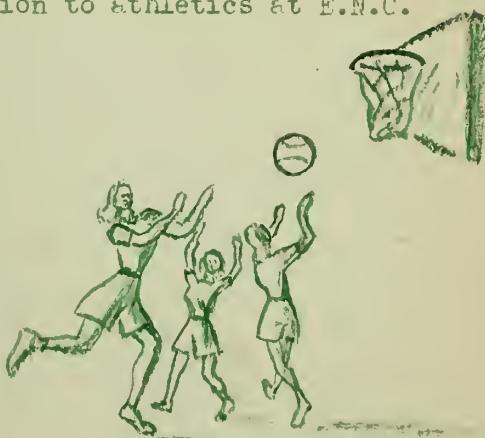
Margaret Taylor - always under the basket... steady, cooperative.

Mary Plumb - short... "good things come in small packages"... always in there trying.

Elaine Long - this one's a Gamma... constantly improving.

Nelda Vidt - Another Gamma... teamwork... plays hard.

These girls have made a definite contribution to athletics at E.N.C.



Freshmen Fellows in Sports

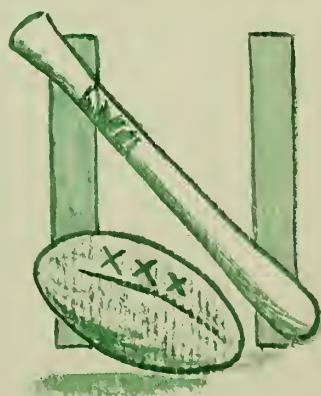
Fhe athletic program at Eastern Nazarene College offers a variety of sports to those who are sport minded. This year, as in years past, the freshmen fellows have made the headlines in sport talk.

Just after school started last Fall, our attention was focused on the "pigskin". Football was a game that attracted many talented freshmen. Such names as Larry Watkins, Roy McLain, and Cliff Keys were favorite freshmen ball carriers, and a snappy, exciting season was clinched by the Gamma boys who nosed out the fighting Betas. Who knows? It may be a different story next year.

Just after Thanksgiving came basketball. Every Friday night the gymnasium was packed to the limit with cheering students. Cliff Walton, Ken Yoder, and Larry Watkins upheld the freshman prestige on the basketball court, and kept the referees panting as they advanced the ball from basket to basket.

After the basketball title had been received by the Gammas, spring was already here, at least the calendar said so. They say that in the spring a young man's fancy turns to "the finer things in life." However, the freshmen fellows attempted to find time for a little baseball to keep in shape. The beautiful New England weather was gracious enough to allow quite a number of eventful games.

Besides these major sports, freshmen fellows took active part in ping-pong, weight lifting, and tennis. And so once again, the freshmen of 1946-1947 have upheld their predecessors' traditional activities in sports, and are looking forward to an eventful season in the year to come.



Hits And Bits

Variety is in evidence to a great extent in our class. We aren't all going in the same direction when we leave school. We are full of ideas and the determination to carry them out.

Looking at figures can sometimes be of interest. Would-be preachers head our list. Thirty-five of our class have signified their intentions of becoming ministers, twenty-three are headed for the classroom as teachers, thirteen are to be missionaries and thirteen to be nurses. Ten of our class are looking to the field of medicine. Thirteen have chosen science and engineering fields, and thirty-three are still undecided.

While looking at figures lets look at some vital statistics of our class. Forty-one of us are veterans which somewhat raises our average age to about twenty-one. We have a proportion made up of experience on one hand and the freshness and vitality of recent high school graduates on the other. Our writings have had a G. I. flavor. We have had an opportunity to write of real persons and places.

The Junior Miss of our class is a great big girl of ninety-two pounds, but on the other hand our number one Big Stoop hits 235.

The members of our class came from fourteen states ranging from Maine to Florida to California so you can see that we are a representative group. We came from different directions and we shall go in different directions when we leave here, but all of us are heading for the same home station.

Freshman Humor

We enjoy a laugh now and then. Perhaps we should have laughed long ago at these, but here goes anyway.

Senator Thompson thinks that the following lines express his sentiments quite well:

When you're away, I am restless, lonely,
Wretched, bored, dejected;
But here's the rub, my darling dear,
I feel the same when you are here.

Larry Watkins thinks a synonym is a word to use when you can't spell the other one. Larry uses lots of synonyms.

The day before Christmas vacation began, Prof. Lunn surprised his history class by springing a quiz on them. The question asked was: What was the cause for the fall of Rome. Caught off guard, Ken Yoder wrote on his paper: "God knows, I don't. Merry Christmas, Prof. Lunn." On his return, Ken found the following remark on his paper: "God gets 100. You get 0. Happy New Year."

Prof. Spangenberg as well as the entire Rhetoric A class were amused one day, when Harry Felter began his speech by addressing: "Mr. Chairman, worthy opponents, fellow classmates and Miss SpangenberGER."

Little Ollie was almost through her nightly prayer... "Bless my daddy, bless my Mom, bless Aunt Bessie, and please make Boston, Mass. the capital of the USA."

"Why, darling!" exclaimed her shocked mother, "Why did you say such a thing?"

"Because," answered Ollie, as she settled down for the night, "That's what I put on my examination paper.

* * * * *

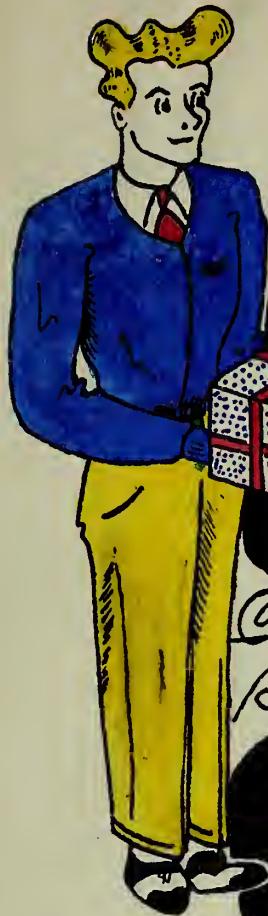
Our veterans are pretty good at making speeches, the kind that are like a Texas steer, a point here and a point there, with a lot of bull in between.

* * * * *

BEST

LOOK
ING

Martha & May Derry



William D. Grayson



Kenneth Yoder

PSC

HARDEST WORKERS



MOST ATHLETIC



PSC



These, our Superlatives



Martha & Mayberry



Most Extracurricular



Most Likely to Succeed

Art work done by Patrick Stephen Coffey



urs is a glorious future. We have goals and the assurance that we can reach them. We have Christ-- Whether it is to be preacher, teacher, doctor, missionary, nurse, or chemist, we feel that we can aid E.N.C. during our preparation. We can work to insure that the high standards we now have are continued. Some of us have written of our place in the future. We present these ideas to you in the themes that close this book.



My Call

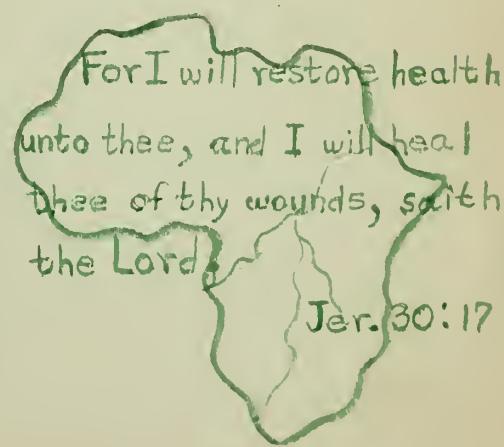


To do the perfect will of God is the sole ambition of my life. To use what few talents I have for His Kingdom and my fellow man is my determination. I am grateful to my God for the privilege of being called as one of His missionaries.

Ever since a small child I have felt the hand of God upon my life. At fifteen I was converted and one year later I received the baptism of the Holy Spirit as I dedicated my life to the Christian ministry. For several months following that a lingering desire to go to India as a missionary filled my mind. Then one day I read an account of David Livingston's life and ministry in Africa.

God who apparently had other designs for my life, impressed this story upon my mind so that I could not evade the issue. Finally after much prayer and meditation, I accepted what I believe to be God's will for me, -- a missionary to Africa. But all the details were not settled then. I had often entertained the desire of becoming a doctor of medicine. God revealed to me how much greater service I could be in that land of disease if I were to study medicine also. And so I am trusting God that He will aid me in this dual preparation of saving souls and lives. This task appeared Herculean at first, and, may I add, many times it still does.

I believe that the world today is in grave need of more Christian doctors. Doctors who not only understand the mind and bodies of men but also the need of their souls. May God grant that many young prospective missionaries will realize that a knowledge of medicine gives added opportunity of service to humanity and truly be angels of light on errands of mercy.



How I Can Serve God in Nursing



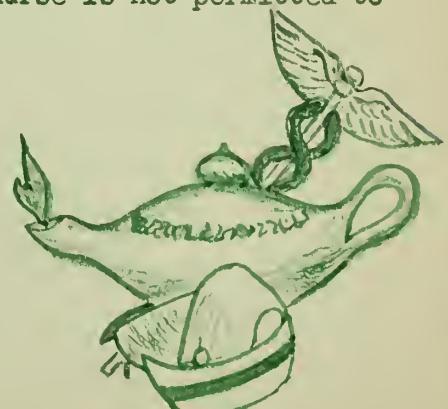
solemnly pledge myself before God and in the presence of this assembly to pass my life and purity and to practice my profession faithfully. I will abstain from whatever is deleterious and mischievous and will not take or knowingly administer any harmful drug. I will do all in my power to maintain and elevate the standard of my profession and will hold in confidence all personal matters committed to my keeping and all family affairs coming to my knowledge in the practice of my calling. With loyalty will I endeavor to aid the physician in his work and devote myself to the welfare of those committed to my care." -- The Florence Nightingale pledge.

This pledge is what each nurse takes when she enters her profession. A Christian girl can live this pledge best because it tells of purity, of being faithful, loyal, devoted, and of maintaining and elevating the standard of nursing.. To do these things to the best of one's ability she would need to be a Christian.

When I take this pledge I want to live by it and let the light that I have shine before those that I come in contact with.

I feel nursing is one of the greatest and most sacrificial professions there is. The nurse that first enters training can start serving God around the other student nurses and supervisors. They will be able to see Christ in her and her service of love for others. Although a nurse is not permitted to speak of the Word of God to her patients she can still show it in her work and by giving them a word of cheer.

When the day of graduation comes for the nurse there are a greater number of ways to serve God in



her profession. The nurse who has been called by God to do medical missionary work in a foreign field has a marvelous opportunity in reaching souls. In helping to heal the ill she is able to do personal evangelism.

Another career the graduate nurse can take is that of a Visiting Nurse. This is another great opportunity to reach the sin sick world. As a Visiting Nurse she will go into poor homes and she can serve God by helping them and bettering their living conditions. Here she has met those who are poor, discouraged, and ill; and what better opportunity could she have to tell them of Christ.

The graduate nurse can also go out as a private nurse into homes of invalids. Again she has a marvelous opportunity to live a Christian life before the invalid, and to offer him a word of encouragement. God, the great Physician, can work through the nurse.

The poem, To Be a Nurse, by Phyllis Robinson is a typical poem of a nurse.

"To be a nurse is to walk with God,
Along the path that our Master trod,
To soothe the aching of human pain,
To faithfully serve for little gain,
To lovingly do the kindly deed,
A cup of water to one in need,
A tender hand on a fevered brow,
A word of cheer to the living now,
To reach the soul through its body's woe;
Ah! that is the way that God would go.
Oh, white-capped girl in service true,
Our great Physician's working thro' you."

Why Must I Preach?

ough my mother was an evangelist and I had been brought up in a Christian home, preaching was the most remote of all my ambitions when I entered high school. I had dreams of becoming a successful business man with a home and all the luxuries which come with success and wealth. Preaching was a vocation to be avoided, as far as I was concerned.

After my graduation from high school, my desire to work and make money led me to a job in the steel mill which was at that time making war materials. Money had become the god of my life and spiritually I began to coast along. Before many months had passed, I had become cold and indifferent concerning the church and spiritual life.

I was in this run-down spiritual condition when greetings from the late President Roosevelt directed me to an examining board for entrance into the army. It did not take me long to realize that to be a Christian in the Army one must take his stand immediately or trials and temptations would force every drop of spiritual blood from his soul.

Training in the United States went along quickly. At last I was on my way. The Golden Gate Bridge passed from my sight and I was bound for Australia. We remained there a month. We were then told to prepare for our entry into the combat area. There came a sense of fear and consternation over me, but in my heart there was a faith in God which I felt would see me through the ordeal of facing death, if necessary.

Among the thoughts of home, family and country, there came the pressing desire to get



alone with God and pray until I touched Heaven. The noisy movie going on, fellows singing in the service club, and the chattering of men discussing possible combat experiences meant nothing to me. I must get alone with God! I walked in the moonlight under the palm trees to a spot where the disturbance from the service club would not hinder my meditation. Alone, yet not alone, for God had preceded me there and was waiting to comfort, to cheer, and most unexpectedly for me, to call me to preach.

I had come to make my petitions known to God, but He had a request to make of me. "Will you preach the Gospel?" I was shocked at the definite tone of the call. I did not want to preach, but three days from that time there was combat and possible death to face. Trifling with the call of God was impossible, and the presence of God was so manifest that my whole being said one big 'yes'. With that 'yes' came a flood of glory over over my soul that shall never forgotten be. It was as though a splashing, gurgling, joyous stream had been poured over my spirit from the very throne of God. God had not only called, but there and then repaid me a hundred fold for obedience to His call.

I faced combat and death with confidence and faith that God had called me, and He would bring me back to carry out His plan for my life.

Why should I preach? My answer comes with confidence and assurance: "God had called me." It is my duty to preach. It is my joy to preach because preaching for me is being in the center of God's will. It is my earnest desire to be able to say with the apostle Paul when I come to the end of life, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day."

Why I Want To Be A Missionary



One evening six students were discussing a most important question: What is meant by a divine call? A young lady remarked that she always remembered a missionary's definition of this expression. I, too, was impressed by the interpretation and wish to pass it on. The missionary said that one may know he has a call if he sees a great need and feels he can do something about it. Have you such a call? I have.

Until the spring of 1932 I had lived for sin and self. I am afraid the history of my life up to that point was not complimentary. I was sixteen when I heard for the first time that I had a soul to save, that there was a Hell to shun, and a Heaven to gain. By means of a quiet, saintly life lived by a humble colored girl, I was brought under conviction for my sin. Feeling keenly my need of a Savior, I hastened to give my heart to Christ. Instantaneously life took on new meaning. In that moment I realized that life was more than "vanity and vexation of spirit." My eyes were opened and I saw that I was here for a purpose, namely, to glorify God and to do His will.

One day after healing the maniac of Godara, Jesus said to him, "Go home to thy friends, and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee, and hath compassion on thee." And the man departed and began to publish the great things Jesus had done for him. I, likewise, went home and published the great things Jesus had done for me and the compassion He had on me. After six months of earnest praying and consistent Christian living, I had seen five



members of my family accept Christ as their Savior. Oh, the thrill of bringing others to Christ! There is no other thrill like it!

I ask, is there any greater work, is there any higher calling than that of Christ to preach the Gospel to every creature? Perhaps it is not necessary to go into detail about the rich profit attached to this type of service. Suffice it to say, the reward is great. When I think of the worth of a human soul, (Jesus said a soul was worth more than the whole world) and when I see and hear of multitudes perishing without Christ, I know why I want to be a missionary. When I see broken hearts mended, broken homes reunited, liars made truthful, thieves made honest, drunkards made sober, black hearts made white, I know why I want to be a missionary. When I see changed lives, transformed characters, new creations in Christ Jesus, I know why I want to be a missionary. I want others to share this wonderful salvation. I want others to come to know Him whom to know aright is life eternal. I want to give without stint and with infinite yearning to the salvation of men. Words of Charles Wesley's hymn express my feeling:

"To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill;
O may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will."

